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
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Vol. IX.

Richmond, Va., June, 1881.

No. 6.

History of Lane's North Carolina Brigade.

By Gen. JAMES H. LANE.

BATTLE OF JERICHO FORD—REPORT OF GENERAL LANE.

HEAD-QUARTERS LANE'S BRIGADE, September 20, 1864.

Major.—I have the honor to report that we left the church in the neighborhood of Spotsylvania Courthouse after dark on the 21st of May, marched until 2 o'clock that night, resumed our march at 4½ o'clock on the morning of the 22d, and bivouaced about noon that day near Hewlett's Station, on the Central railroad. At 6 o'clock A. M., on the 23d, we moved still further down the railroad, and about noon went into camp close to the South Anna river and near Anderson's Station. That afternoon we were ordered up the railroad, formed line of battle on the right of McGowan, perpendicular to the road, and threw forward a portion of our sharp-shooters. The Seventh regiment was soon afterwards detached to guard a ford on the river. We were subsequently ordered still further up the road—our sharp-shooters

being left deployed in front of our old position. Formed line of battle again on McGowan's right, but this time parallel to the railroad, and, with skirmishers thrown forward, advanced upon the enemy at Jericho Ford in the following order, from right to left: Eighteenth, Thirty-seventh, Thirty-third, and Twenty-eighth. We soon drove in the enemy's skirmishers and, after advancing about four hundred yards into the woods in our front, we became actively engaged with their main line of battle, posted on a commanding ridge, when a portion of the troops on our left gave way. I at once apprised General Wilcox of the fact through my Adjutant-General, Captain Hall. The General replied that it was not so, and ordered me to push on. We were then in advance of McGowan's brigade. Soon after this order was received the Thirty-seventh North Carolina regiment, of my own command, broke and ran back. I then ordered the other three regiments back to the edge of the woods, where the Thirty-seventh was being rallied, as my line was broken, and there was no one on my left. Having reformed the line, in obedience to orders from General Wilcox, I again advanced it into the woods, when the Thirty-seventh again broke. The other three regiments, however, in both advances, held their ground and fought very gallantly until ordered back. While the Eighteenth, Twenty-eighth and Thirty-third regiments all fell back in a cool and orderly manner. Lieutenant-Colonel Cowan is deserving special praise for the handsome manner in which he withdrew the Thirty-third, the attention of his men being constantly called to Company B, of that regiment, which, under its brave commander, Captain E. Price, was marching by the rear rank with arms shouldered as though it were on drill. We reformed the second time in the open field in rear of the woods, advanced again to the edge of the woods, threw out a strong line of skirmishers, and succeeded in bringing off all our dead and wounded. We were relieved that night about 11 o'clock by Davis's brigade of Heth's division. We then formed on the railroad and commenced fortifying, but before day we were moved to Anderson's Station, where we intrenched and remained until the 27th.

I regret to have to state that Lieutenant H. I. Costner, Company B, Twenty-eighth regiment, was killed in this engagement. Lieutenant Costner was a brave officer and conscientious in the discharge of all his duties.

Lieutenant Jno. M. Cochran, Co. D, Thirty-seventh regiment, behaved very handsomely.

List of Casualties on the 23d of May, at Jericho Ford.

	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		MISSING.		TOTAL.		AGGREGATE.
	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	
Seventh N. C. Regiment.....				1		1		2	2
Eighteenth N. C. Regiment.....				4		2		6	6
Twenty-eighth N. C. Regiment...	1	4	1	23		1	2	28	30
Thirty-third N. C. Regiment.....		5	2	27		4	2	36	38
Thirty-seventh N. C. Regiment...		1	2	19		2	2	22	24
Grand Total.....	1	10	5	74		10	6	94	100

Officers Killed.

Twenty-eighth regiment—Lieutenant H. I. Costner, Company B.

Officers Wounded.

Twenty-eighth regiment—Lieutenant R. D. Rhyne, Company B.

Thirty-third regiment—Captain J. A. Weston, Company F; Lieutenant J. W. Gibbs, Company F.

Thirty-seventh regiment—Lieutenant I. B. Somerville, Company B; Lieutenant I. M. Grimsley, Company K.

Action at Storr's Farm on Tottapottamoi Creek.

On the 27th we left Anderson's and bivouaced that night near Ashland. Next morning we resumed our march at 3 o'clock and camped that afternoon near Shady Grove church, where we remained until the afternoon of the 29th, when we were ordered back a short distance and bivouaced for the night near Atlee's. Next morning we formed line of battle on the right of McGowan and intrenched near the railroad. On the 31st we were ordered to Storr's (or Stowe's) farm, on the Tottapottamoi creek, near Pole Green church, where we relieved Wofford's brigade. We were here engaged in very heavy skirmishing all that day, besides being subjected to a terrible artillery fire, losing about twenty killed and wounded.

On the 1st of June we moved back and built a new line of works, the old one being held by a strong line of skirmishers.

Supports Wharton's Brigade at Turkey Ridge.

Next day we marched to Cold Harbour, where we intrenched on the second line. That afternoon we supported Wharton's brigade in its advance upon Turkey Ridge, and afterwards took position between that brigade and Thomas's, on the right, near the McGee house. Here I was wounded by one of the enemy's sharp-shooters, and the command of the brigade devolved upon Colonel Jno. D. Barry.

Casualties from May 24th to June 3d, inclusive.

	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		MISSING.		TOTAL.		AGGREGATE.
	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	
General Staff.....			1				1		1
Seventh N. C. Regiment.....			2	4			2	4	6
Eighteenth N. C. Regiment.....	1	1	6				1	7	8
Twenty-eighth N. C. Regiment...	1		6					7	7
Thirty-third N. C. Regiment.....	1		1					2	2
Thirty-seventh N. C. Regiment...	1	1	5				1	6	7
Grand total.....		4	5	22			5	26	31

Officers Wounded.

General Staff—Brigadier-General James H. Lane.

Seventh regiment—Captain J. S. Harris, Company B; Lieutenant I. M. Alexander, Company H.

Eighteenth regiment—Lieutenant Camden Lewis, Company B.

Thirty-seventh regiment—Lieutenant A. F. Yandle, Company I.

Respectfully,

JAMES H. LANE, *Brigadier-General.*

Major Jos. A. Englehard, A. A. G. of Wilcox's Lt. Division.

Other Official Reports Destroyed.

The other official reports for this campaign were copied into the letter-book at brigade head-quarters. This book was destroyed at

Appomattox Courthouse, and there are no copies of them in existence that I am aware of.

During the time that I was absent, wounded—less than three months—the brigade, commanded successively by Colonels Barry and Speer, and Brigadier-General Conner, took an active part in the following engagements:

Riddle's shop, June 13; action three miles south-east of Petersburg, June 22; action in front of Petersburg, June 23; Gravel Hill, July 28; Fussell's Mills, on Darbytown road, August 16-18; Reames's Station, August 25.

When I returned to my brigade, I was informed by Captain E. J. Hale, Jr., who was my Adjutant-General, and many other officers, that it behaved in all of these fights with its usual gallantry.

General Lee compliments Cook's, McRae's and Lane's Brigades for their gallantry at Reames's Station.

As General Lee, in person, put General Conner in command of my brigade during my absence, I was required on my return to report to him in person to have General Conner relieved. It was during this visit to army head-quarters that General Lee told me North Carolina had cause to be proud of Cooke's, McRae's and Lane's brigades, for, by their gallantry at Reames's Station, they had not only put her but the whole Confederacy under a debt of gratitude which could never be repaid. He also told me, at the same time, that he had written to Governor Vance, expressing his high appreciation of their services. I suppose the following is an extract from the letter referred to:

[From the *Wilmington Journal*, 1864.]

Tribute to North Carolina.—Letter from General Lee.

We have been permitted to make the following extract of a letter from General Lee to Governor Vance, complimenting the North Carolina troops for their glorious victory achieved at Reames's Station. This tribute from the great hero of this revolution is the highest honor that could be paid to North Carolina. Let every soldier treasure it up as a memento of inestimable value:

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
August 29th, 1864.

His Excellency Z. B. Vance, Governor of North Carolina:

* * * * *

I have been frequently called upon to mention the services of North

Carolina soldiers in this army, but their gallantry and conduct were never more deserving the admiration than in the engagement at Reames's Station on the 25th instant.

The brigades of Generals Cook, McRae and Lane, the last under the temporary command of General Conner, advanced through a thick abattis of felled trees under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery, and carried the enemy's works with a steady courage, that elicited the warm commendation of their corps and division commanders and the admiration of the army. * * * *

I am with great respect your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, *General.*

What President Davis said.

At Charlotte, during the year 1864, in a brief address to the people, President Davis said, among other complimentary things of North Carolina, that "her sons were foremost in the first battle of the war, Great Bethel, and they were foremost in the last fight near Petersburg, Reames's Station."

General Kirby Smith's Campaign in Kentucky in 1862.

By PAUL F. HAMMOND.

PAPER No. 2.

General Kirby Smith is comparatively young—just fairly entering upon the prime of life. He is thirty-seven. You would not be impressed as by a man of remarkable intellectual endowments, but the phrenologist would say, that his high, receding forehead, narrow at the base, but prominent over the eyes, and widening as it ascends, gives evidence, if not of great mental powers, of uncommon quickness of perception and rapid mental movements. Tall, sinewy, not graceful, every gesture indicates intense physical activity and muscular vigor. In perfect health, black haired, black bearded and mustached, slightly gray-ing, black eyes, penetrating and restless, swarth complexion; the simple statement of these features might give the idea of only the rude, rough soldier; but on the contrary, with the exception of the gentle Pegram, I have known no officer of the army more habitually under the influence of the kindlier virtues and emotions. An earnest Christian and a

gentleman, pleasant manners flow naturally from the goodness of his heart, while an impulsive temper is kept under almost perfect control. At this time he was little known to the country. A grand charge at Manassas, which he led with dashing courage, routing the enemy and deciding the victory; and a wound believed to be mortal, and nearly proving so, had given rank to the man who was now about to lead five and twenty thousand soldiers into one of the most hazardous and up to a certain point, most brilliant campaigns of modern warfare. If Morgan had been captured, and if Louisville had been occupied, ensuring the overthrow of Buell, as some military critics are saying, and not without a show of reason, it must be confessed, might have been done, and ought to have been done, the name of Kirby Smith would have been placed, at once, high upon the roll of great captains.

Barboursville, a dilapidated village, twice the size of Boston, is the metropolis of this mountain region. Before our arrival it had been a depot of supplies for the Union army at Cumberland Gap. Our cavalry under Col. Scott, which entered Kentucky by the Jamestown road, captured London two days before General Smith reached Barboursville, and the enemy's trains at the latter place were hurried off to the Gap and escaped.

The command of General Smith, at this time in Kentucky, consisted of Cleburne's and Churchill's divisions, six thousand men, in the neighborhood of Barboursville, Heth's division, three thousand strong, at Boston, and Scott's brigade of cavalry, twelve or fifteen hundred men, beyond Boston. The greater portion of the artillery and the wagon trains were still engaged in the difficult passage of the mountains at Big Creek Gap. The artillery horses were of little service, so steep was the ascent, and the footing insecure, but the men fastened long ropes to the guns and caissons, and, twenty or thirty pulling together, dragged them slowly but steadily over the worst places. This was the Army of Kentucky then. In Tennessee, Stevenson's splendid division, ten thousand men, with a brigade of cavalry, remained for the present threatening Cumberland Gap, and various detachments, guarding important points throughout the department. It was necessary to pursue one of three courses. To assault Cumberland Gap, where the Federal General Morgan was powerfully fortified with ten thousand men; to remain where we were, and by cutting off supplies compel Morgan to come out and give battle in the open field; or to advance boldly into the heart of Kentucky. Even a simultaneous assault in front and rear upon Cumberland Gap, never a very promising operation where easy communication between the assailing forces is impossible, could

only succeed, if it succeeded at all, at very great sacrifice of life. To remain where we were, hoping to compel Morgan to evacuate his position from want of food, offered equally doubtful results. He was believed to be provisioned for a month, and in that time an army could be raised in our rear which might force us to abandon the siege and retreat across the mountains. Lastly, to advance into Kentucky was a bold and hazardous movement, but less hazardous for its very temerity. It was thought that the enemy, not anticipating it, would be taken unprepared, which proved correct. It was known that he had but few old troops in Kentucky, and his raw levies were counted as nothing in the hands of our veterans. The movement created the liveliest emotions among the soldiers, and a sure reliance could be placed on their courage and endurance. Reducing the transportation to the minimum, we could move with such celerity, that, General Smith trusted to be able to fall upon the enemy in the blue grass region before he was well aware that we had crossed the Kentucky line. General Bragg, who had begun his advance against Buell, from Chattanooga, with 25,000 men, feared the movement was premature; but General Smith, with the enterprise and audacity so essential, and generally so successful, in offensive warfare, adopted it, and prepared rapidly for its accomplishment. One division was sent to Manchester and the other to London. Brigadier-General Leadbetter, of Heth's division, was stationed at Cumberland Ford, while Heth himself was to remain at Barboursville until Reynolds' brigade, three thousand strong, which had been ordered from Stevenson's command across Big Creek Gap, could join him. It was necessary to delay the advance until the artillery and wagon trains came up. In the meantime the soldiers subsisted on beef and roasting ears. Scott had captured some sutlers stores and a large number of wagons at London. On the 23d he attacked Metcalfe's cavalry and Garritts' infantry at Big Hill, and defeated them with severe loss. On the morning of the 27th of August, Cleburne's and Churchill's divisions moved forward to support Scott, and on the afternoon of the same day General Smith, leaving Heth in occupation, took the road northward. That night we bivouaced on the banks of a muddy stream, fifteen miles from Barboursville, and, starting early the next morning, reached Rockcastle river by noon. Churchill's division was there, Cleburne's a few miles beyond.

Hitherto the country was well watered. But from Barboursville to Rockcastle river there is no stream but the muddy creek just mentioned; and between Rockcastle river and the foot of Big Hill lies a barren, desolate region, destitute of water for men or animals. The

troops suffered much from this privation, but they bore it cheerfully, marching in excellent order and with great celerity.

At Rockcastle river General Smith received dispatches from Scott, informing him that the enemy were advancing in force to drive him from his position. It was of vital importance that the position should be held, and Cleburne was ordered to move to Scott's assistance as rapidly as the condition of his troops would permit. At 3 A. M. we left our bivouac upon the banks of Rockcastle river. Churchill's column was already moving. Day dawned upon us on the top of Big Hill, a wild region almost uninhabited. Here was first fully appreciated the importance of Scott's victory a few days previous. Numerous positions offered, in which a regiment of good soldiers, with a few pieces of artillery, could have opposed a very serious obstacle to our advance, and perhaps compelled us to retire. That the enemy had not seized and fortified these positions afforded General Smith great satisfaction, inasmuch as it furnished conclusive evidence that our movements were unknown or misinterpreted.

General Cleburne was forming his men in line of battle when we reached the foot of Big Hill to meet a reported advance of the enemy. It proved to be, however, only his cavalry, which retired. The troops were exhausted by their long and rapid march, and required rest; and Churchill's division coming up soon after, the entire command was moved forward a short distance, strong pickets thrown out on all the roads, and the soldiers allowed to rest on their arms in battle order. Late in the afternoon a sharp cavalry skirmish occurred, in which Scott was forced to abandon one of his guns. The enemy's cavalry charged with great audacity. That night the opposing armies lay so near each other that some of the enemy's pickets were thrown out within our line, and the next morning, as greatly to our surprise as theirs, captured.

We had now marched nearly one hundred miles into Kentucky, and met not one man who sympathised with the Confederate cause. The enemy, reported seven full regiments strong, was immediately in our front, while we could muster not more than five thousand five hundred men, worn by long and arduous marches on insufficient food. But doubt was ruin; to hesitate was to be destroyed. Behind us was a barren mountain country, and a ferocious and bitterly hostile population; beyond the enemy in our front the "blue-grass region," the garden of Kentucky, teeming with inexhaustable supplies.

General Cleburne was ordered to attack at daylight. So far from hesitating, the determination of the enemy to offer battle here gave General Smith the liveliest satisfaction. It had been feared that he

would post himself upon the high bluffs of the Kentucky river and dispute its passage; and the few places at which the passage could be effected were susceptible of every defence against greatly superior numbers. But if he could gain a victory here, General Smith counted upon pressing the enemy so closely, that he would not be able to rally his broken columns this side of Lexington, and perhaps of the Ohio river.

The morning of the 30th of August came warm, clear and beautiful. No brighter sun ever scattered the mists of early day. No fairer field ever offered upon which to do battle. No two armies ever encountered with greater confidence. The one in numbers and superior arms and equipments, the other in discipline, in endurance, in Southern skill and pride, and in the indomitable courage which a profound conviction of the justice of our cause inspires.

At 8 A. M. General Smith reached the battle field. An artillery duel was in progress. The enemy were drawn up on both sides the Richmond turnpike, with the artillery in the centre. Cleburne's division was formed in line of battle on the right of the turnpike, with the artillery on its left. The head of Churchill's column had barely reached the field, marching along the "pike," but concealed from the enemy by the undulations of the ground. Churchill was ordered to take a circuitous route through the ravines to the left, and debouching on the enemy's right and rear, cut him off from his line of retreat to Richmond. The other brigade was held in reserve. Captain Martin's battery, of Florida artillery, was sent forward to take position on the rising ground by a brick house to the left of the road, but, mistaking the order, advanced quite near the enemy and unlimbered. His sharp-shooters immediately opened upon it, wounding Martin and his senior lieutenant, and a number of men, when the battery, being without support, retired to the position originally designated. Cleburne was apprised of Churchill's movement, and ordered to hold the enemy in check until it could be accomplished. By this time the infantry fire had become severe on the extreme right, and soon the enemy's line could be seen advancing rapidly in an effort to turn our right flank. This movement was skillfully foiled by Brigadier-General Preston Smith, upon whom the command of Cleburne's division had devolved, (that officer having been wounded a few moments earlier,) who in turn succeeded in turning the enemy's left, driving him from the field in great confusion. Churchill barely reached his position—in time to pour a volley into the broken ranks, but not to intercept the retreat.

This was the combat of Mount Zion in the battle of Richmond. On the right we lost several gallant officers and a number of men. The

enemy's loss was considerable, and a few prisoners and some ambulance and ammunition wagons fell into our hands. But, although beaten and driven from the field in great disorder, the enemy rallied within a mile and renewed the fight, at long range, with rifled cannon. Churchill's division was advanced a short distance on the left, while Preston Smith's was halted on the ground from which the enemy had been driven. The artillery of this division had exhausted its ammunition, and some delay occurred in bringing up the ordnance train.

General Smith now felt confident of victory, and ordered Scott to press forward with his cavalry, by a route to the left, and take position in the rear of Richmond, with the view of cutting off the enemy's retreat. At 1 P. M., our entire line advanced. The engagement began on the extreme left, and the firing was severe, even as we drove steadily backward the skirmish line.

The main force of the enemy was massed in front of Churchill. The country is open fields mainly, but intersected with fences overgrown with vines and bushes, through which the sight cannot penetrate. With their line prostrate behind one of these, the enemy was perfectly concealed, and attempted an ambushade, which nearly proved disastrous. Rising from their concealment, they delivered a terrible fire at short range, and moved to the charge. Our line wavered, and its defeat and destruction seemed inevitable. But Churchill's voice rang out clear above the din, steadying the men, and ordered a counter charge, and the brave fellows sprang forward. The rattle of musketry deepened into a roar, furious and incessant, and as the smoke lifted, the enemy could be seen within less than a hundred paces of where we stood, but in full flight, broken almost at the point of the bayonet. It was at this moment that General Smith lost for an instant the admirable coolness which he had evinced throughout the day, and rushed to the front in the act and perfect spirit of charging with his staff alone, hardly looking even if they followed.

But Pegram's* urgent remonstrances checked his pace, and the brave

Note.—May 1881.—Poor Pegram! his was a nature as amiable and kindly as the gentlest woman's. He was scarcely handsome, but neat and fresh as a new leaf on a spring morning, amid all the dust of the camp, with just the daintiest little touch of dandyism. Frank, open face, winning smile and manner, natural and graceful in every movement. No man's or woman's eye rested on Pegram without an emotion of pleasure. He was brave as a Paladin of old; a graduate of West Point, with all the coolness and presence of mind of the trained soldier. Notwithstanding his misadventures in the early months of the war in West Virginia, there was no doubt that he possessed very considerable abilities. His ser-

Nelson, of Columbus, who commanded a cavalry company of eighty young gentlemen of the best families of Georgia, which composed the escort, came up and begged to be let go. The much longed for permission was given, and Nelson and his splendid fellows dashed forward in gallant style into the very midst of the melee, and captured three hundred prisoners. The Federals were again driven from the field, and a gun captured, but they rallied and formed anew, and opened fire with their rifled guns, showing that although broken they were not yet entirely beaten.

It was now 3 P. M., and our men had been marching and fighting since daylight, without water. It was necessary that Colonel Scott

vices in this campaign gained for him the rank of General of brigade. He was in love with, and I believe engaged to, a beautiful young lady of Baltimore. Never have I known of a more tender and devoted attachment than Pegram's. He wore her miniature in a little locket always next to his heart. They were afterwards married in Richmond. It was very sad. He was killed within a few months at the siege of Petersburg.

What a contrast between Pegram and another officer of the staff of nearly equal rank. Lieutenant-Colonel Polignac, or Prince Polignac, as he was usually called, was undeniably ugly, and he clothed his ugliness in garments neither tidy nor becoming, which certainly had no suspicion of Parisian elegance about them, and which helped to give him the mingled appearance of buffoon and Italian organ-grinder. Morose, unsociable, silent, perhaps melancholy, and misunderstood for the most part, and seemingly inclined to be tyrannic, the prince was anything but popular. He was devoted to mathematics. That was his greatest and only recreation. He carried his calculations on little slips of paper, in a pair of old leather bags, which were constantly strapped about his person; and no sooner was a halt called, or camp struck, than throwing himself upon the ground, face downwards, Polignac had out his papers, and utterly absorbed, pursued his logarithms by the sunlight, or the flickering flame of the camp fire, while jest and laugh circled merrily all around and about him. It was these boys that led Captain N—— on one occasion, when the prince had treated some of his men as he thought with unnecessary harshness, to describe him in language more forcible than elegant, as "that —— little French peddler." Shades of ye Chevaliers! *aux armes!* ye tutelary saints of the noble house of Polignac! But Polignac was brave, and, doubtless, a genuine friend of freedom. He preferred the line, and the constant conflict of the field, to the generally lesser risks of the staff of the General-in-chief; and the writer recalls one occasion, the battle of Richmond, Kentucky, he thinks, when the prince with the permission of Kirby Smith left the staff, and placing himself at the head of a regiment, which had just lost its superior officers, fought it gallantly, and remained with it until some officer was fit for duty. He, too, gained his General's rank in Kentucky, or, very soon after, and following General Smith to the trans-Mississippi, won the affections of his men, it was said, in spite of strong natural prejudices, by the distinguished courage and judgment with which he led them in action.

should be allowed time to get in the rear of Richmond, and prepare his ambuscade. The entire army was, therefore, halted, and the troops permitted to rest. The Federals could be seen distinctly formed in their encampment. Much to our surprise they cheered vociferously. This, we afterwards learned, was caused by the arrival of Major-General Nelson. Brigadier-General Manson had commanded in the combats of Mount Zion's Church and Wheat's farm. A three-inch Parrott gun was trained upon them and they retired out of view.

At 5 P. M., our army moved to attack for the third time on that day. We found the enemy's encampment deserted by all but a few wounded men, and the surgeons attending them. Shortly, however, the booming of cannon on our left, and the screaming of shells over our heads, announced that victory was yet to be won. The Federals had fallen back to the outskirts of the town of Richmond, and chosen a strong position on the crest of a hill, their line passing through the cemetery. McCray's Texas brigade was ordered to turn their right, while Preston Smith advanced steadily on their left and centre. Again the fierce hum of minnie balls was followed by the sullen thud of the rifle, and cannon boomed at short intervals like the baying of the deep-mouthed bloodhounds above the din and clatter of the beagles. We were met with great obstinacy, and the fighting was more vigorous all along the lines, and the loss on both sides greater than at any former period of the day. But McCray succeeded in flanking, and Preston Smith, with a dashing charge through a murderous fire, captured the cemetery. A charge was now ordered of the entire line, and the enemy pressed rapidly through the town. On the farther side they made a feeble attempt to rally, but a few shells started them again; and the army, now no longer an army, but a mob, cavalry, infantry, artillery, and wagons, mingled together in complete confusion, rushed along the road for Lexington.

The sun was setting, our troops had driven the enemy over ten miles of broken country, and fought the entire day. They were exhausted, all the reserves had been brought into action, pursuit was impossible, and the enemy were left to be dealt with by Colonel Scott. That officer having reached the Lexington Turnpike, masked a battery to sweep the road, and concealed his men on either side. Pell mell, right into this ambuscade, the poor discomfited fugitives fled. The havoc was frightful, and the Federals lost here nearly as many men as in all the previous fighting of the day. They threw down their arms and surrendered in crowds, and of the few who escaped not one in ten carried his musket with him. Manson was captured here, and Nelson barely

escaped capture by concealing himself in a field of growing corn.

In Richmond a half dozen political prisoners were released from jail, and they ran capering about, almost frantic with joy. General Smith addressed the troops, congratulating them upon their victory and urging them to maintain the discipline and good behavior which had characterized them throughout the march, and to respect private property.

Thus ended the battles of Richmond—a complete victory. By acknowledgement of General Manson to General Smith the enemy had 10,000 men upon the field, we only 5,500, exclusive of Scott's cavalry. Our loss in killed and wounded did not exceed 500, theirs was 1,000—a great disparity, owing chiefly to the slaughter inflicted by Scott. All their trains and artillery and a large number of prisoners fell into our hands. 5,300 prisoners were paroled from thirteen regiments. Of these two or three were old regiments, and several others reorganized—as, for instance, the Twelfth Indiana, a twelve month regiment which had fought at Shiloh. The Federals had probably 2,500 veterans upon the field, the remainder were of the new levies.

The Maryland Line.

By REV. HORACE EDWIN HAYDEN.

In your editorial of February, 1881, you note the fact that "a full history of the Maryland troops in the Confederate service is now being prepared." Having a very great interest in this history, and yet being unable to learn anything about it, I beg to present the following facts for the benefit of the author. On page 251, vol. V, *Southern Historical Society Papers*, I mentioned that an effort was made to organize the "Maryland Line" in the Confederate service in June, 1861, at Leesburg. This was some days previous to the complete organization of the First Maryland regiment, which occurred June 25th, 1861. I cannot find in Goldsborough's history of the "Maryland Line" any definite action of that body in assuming that distinguished name, and judge that it was applied to the Maryland command under General Bradley T. Johnson, *by courtesy*. The following paper has never to my knowledge been published since it was issued in the printed circular from which I copy it:

"LEESBURG, June 6th, 1861.

"At a meeting of citizens of Maryland, representing five counties and Baltimore city, held at the town of Leesburg, Loudoun county,

Virginia, on *Thursday, the 6th day of June, 1861*, the following constitution was unanimously adopted, and five hundred copies ordered to be printed for distribution among the people of Maryland.

"By order,

FRANK A. BOND, *Secretary.*"

CONSTITUTION.

"ARTICLE I. This Association shall be styled "The Independent Maryland Line of 1861."

"ART. II. The active members of this Association shall be such only as are physically able to bear arms, but honorary members may be admitted in the discretion of the Executive Council.

"ART. III. The object of this Association shall be to protect the people of Maryland and their property against unlawful invasion, violence, seizure or oppression, and secure to the civil authorities and voters of Maryland that freedom of action which was intended to be guaranteed by our republican institutions.

"ART. IV. The officers of this Association shall consist of a *President*, a *Vice-President*, a *Treasurer*, a *Secretary*, and an *Executive Council*.

"ART. V. The President shall preside at all meetings of the Association and shall be *ex-officio*, a member of the Executive Council; and in case of his absence the duties of his office shall be discharged by the Vice-President.

"ART. VI. The Treasurer shall receive and disburse all monies of the Association under such rules and regulations as may be prescribed by the Executive Council.

"ART. VII. The Secretary shall keep a record of the proceedings of the Association under such rules as the Executive Council may from time to time prescribe.

"ART. VIII. The Executive Council shall consist of six members (besides the President), to be elected by ballot on the first Monday of each month by all the members of the Association then present; those having the highest number of votes to be considered as elected; and the President, Vice-President, Treasurer and Secretary to be elected at the same time and in the same manner; all officers so elected to serve until their successors are elected and qualified. The first election under this Constitution shall be held on the eighth day of June, 1861.

"ART. IX. The Executive Council shall be authorized to divide the active members of the Association into companies, battalions, squadrons, regiments and brigades; and to select, appoint and commission all officers suitable for the same, and the proper direction and command

thereof; and all commissions granted by said Council shall be signed by the President and Secretary of the Association, or by a majority of the Executive Council; and any commission issued as aforesaid may at any time be revoked by two-thirds of all the members of the Executive Council.

"ART. X. The Executive Council shall, from time to time, prescribe the terms and forms upon which members may be admitted to this Association; and a majority of said Council may, at any time, expel any member from the Association.

"ART. XI. None of the officers named in this Constitution shall be ineligible to receive any appointment and commission from the Executive Council.

"ART. XII. The Executive Council shall have full power to direct and superintend the action or proceedings of any officer appointed by the ninth Article of this Constitution; and it shall be the duty of said Council to direct and superintend the proceedings of the Association in such manner as will best promote its objects.

"ART. XIII. This Constitution may be amended at any regular monthly meeting of the Association, provided two-thirds of all the members then present assent to such amendment."

I find among my Confederate papers, and in Major Frank A. Bond's handwriting, the following list of the officers elected on the 8th of June, 1861; all of whom, if my memory serves me correctly, were present at the organization of the Association.

COLEMAN YELLOTT, *President.*

Dr. CHARLES A. HARDING, *Vice President.*

B. S. WHITE,

R. H. ARCHER,

T. STURGIS DAVIS,

FRANK A. BOND,

GEO. R. GARTHER, Jr.,

JAMES A. KEMER,

Council.

HORACE E. HAYDEN, *Secretary.*

B. S. WHITE, *Treasurer.*

The Association failed. Why I know not; and the Howard county troops, known as the "Maryland Cavalry," June 15, 1861, left Leesburg to join the command of Colonel Angus McDonald at Romney. This com-

pany subsequently became the basis of the first battalion of Maryland cavalry under Colonel Ridgley Brown.—(*Southern Historical Society Papers*, V. 251.)

Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania.

**Operations of the Artillery of the Army of Western Louisiana, after
the Battle of Pleasant Hill.**

REPORT OF COLONEL J. L. BRENT.

HEAD QUARTERS OF ARTILLERY, DIST. WEST LOUISIANA,
IN THE FIELD, May 20th, 1864.

Major E. Surget, Assistant Adjutant General:

Major,—I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of the artillery of this army, since the battle of Pleasant Hill.

On the 10th and 13th of April, on the north bank of Red river, Lieutenant Coleman, commanding section of Ralston's battery, and Lieutenant T. Jeff. Key, commanding section of Cameron's battery, engaged the enemy's transports and gunboats, firing the aggregate number of 105 rounds of ammunition. The steam pipe of a gunboat was cut and a transport and gunboat were reported as badly crippled.

These two sections were under the immediate command of Captain Fauntleroy, Chief of Artillery of General Liddell's command.

On the 12th of April, the Howitzer section of Captain J. A. A. West's Horse Artillery engaged in the sanguinary combat of Blair's Landing, firing with effect on the transports, and being exposed to a terrible fire from the iron-clads.

Captain West and his men behaved with gallantry and coolness. In this engagement Major-General Thomas Green was killed.

On the 23d and 24th of April, Captain I. T. M. Barnes, with his battery, reporting to General Steele, engaged the rear guard of the enemy at and beyond Cloutierville with fine effect, firing 215 rounds of ammunition. Captain Barnes and his men exhibited coolness and courage in contending against great odds.

On the 23d of April, at Monette's Ferry, Major Semmes, with Moseley's, McMahon's, West's (Lieutenant Yoist commanding), and the rifle section of Nettles's (Lieutenant Hume commanding), disputed the passage of Cane river, and held the enemy in check until our left was turned, when the batteries were withdrawn, Mosely's covering the rear.

Lieutenant Fontaine, commanding a section of McMahon's artillery, posted on our extreme left, distinguished himself by remarkable coolness and bravery to which we are indebted for the safety of his two guns, which, placed in a very critical position, would have been lost but for the exhibition of these qualities. These batteries fired on that day 533 rounds ammunition.

The artillery, being withdrawn, marched all night, and reached Beasley's, 30 miles distant, at 1 A. M., 24th instant, and at 12 M., same day, were ordered to march to Carroll Jones's, 20 miles distant, which was accomplished by sun-down.

The batteries were here halted, by order of General Bee, and did not reach McNutt's hill until the enemy's train had passed, but Major Semmes took McMahon's and West's batteries into the plain and skirmished with the enemy.

The endurance exhibited by Major Semmes and his command of artillery has not been surpassed in this or any other war. For four days the horses did not have a grain of corn, and for two days the men were without rations. The active nature of the campaign forbade the horses from being unharnessed even when resting, except at rare intervals, and the barren nature of the pine woods made, in the neighborhood of Beasley's, more barren by fire, gave the scantiest grazing.

The march from Monette's Ferry to Beasley's, and then back to Carroll Jones's, fifty miles, was made in about twenty-six hours. Notwithstanding all these privations, I found on the 26th and 27th of April, when personally inspecting this command, the officers and men cheerful, and still eager to be brought to the front.

On the evening of the 26th of April, Captain Cornay, with his battery, consisting of two twelve pounder brass guns and two howitzers, engaged on Red river, above the lower mouth of Cane river, three Federal gunboats and two transports, which attempted to pass him.

The transport Champion, No. 3, was struck in the boiler by a solid shot, and was enveloped in hot steam and water. This transport was loaded with near two hundred negroes, consisting of men, women and children, taken from the plantations above, and most recklessly and cruelly attempted, under the convoy of gunboats, and under actual fire, to be run through the lines of our army.

The twelve pound gun solid shot which struck the boiler of the transport, was probably the most fatal single shot fired during the war, producing the death of one hundred and eighty-seven human beings, over one-half instantaneously, and the remainder within twenty-four

hours. All on board except three perished by the most frightful of deaths, and the steamer fell into our hands.

The three gunboats and the transport still above, persisted in their attempt to run the gauntlet of the battery. One of these, reported by the prisoners to be the "Cricket," flagship of the Mississippi squadron, with Rear-Admiral Porter commanding squadron, on board, succeeded in running by the four light field guns, composing Cornays battery, though searched with fatal effect by their rapid and precise fire, which drove the more numerous guns, and heavier calibre of metal of the flagship into the total abandonment of her consorts and convoy, which latter, unable and unwilling to submit any longer to the close and accurate fire of this gallant but unsheltered and uncovered battery, turned their bows up stream and retired from the fight. In this engagement fell the gallant gentleman and brave soldier, Captain F. O. Cornay, while courageously and efficiently directing the fire of his battery against these gunboats.

On the next morning, the 27th, the remaining gunboats undertook to pass the battery, convoying the transport *Champion No. 5*; after a short engagement, the gunboats, receiving serious damage from this heroic battery, ingloriously fled and left the transport exposed to so fatal a fire that she soon sunk and became our prize. In these two engagements the battery fired 243 rounds of ammunition. Colonel Caudle, of Polignac's division, with his sharp-shooters, rendered gallant and effective support to the battery, and his men are entitled to special commendation for courage and accurate firing. The conduct of the officers and men of this efficient four-gun battery in these two engagements, in which, without protection of any kind, exposed at short range to the fire of the heavy guns of the gunboats, it engaged thirty times more than its weight of metal, drove to flight three gunboats fighting under the eye of Rear-Admiral Porter, and captured from them two valuable transports, entitles it to the special notice of the Major-General commanding.*

On the morning of the 26th of April two gunboats of the enemy, one an iron plated monitor, supposed to be the *Osage*, and the other of

*Since this report was written Admiral Porter's report has been published from which it seems the three gunboats were the *Cricket*, the *Hindman* and the *Juliet*. The admiral states that he encountered eighteen guns, which is very complimentary to the service of Captain Cornay's four guns.

He also says that the *Cricket* was struck thirty-eight times with shells and solid shot, and that she and the *Juliet* and *Hindman* lost forty-seven killed and wounded.

May, 1867.

J. L. B.

the class called tin-clad, mounting eight guns and protected by about an inch of iron, were discovered lying near De Loach's Bluff in Red river.

Benton's Rifle section, Captain Benton, commanding, and Nettles's Smooth-bore section, Lieutenant Smith, commanding, (Captain Nettles present), supported by Major Williams, with a battalion of sharpshooters, were placed in position and opened fire on the tin-clad, who, after severe punishment, rapidly fled after an engagement of thirty minutes.

The iron plated monitor poured a heavy enfilading fire on the artillery and its support, but no attention was paid to it, in obedience to general artillery orders not to reply to the fire of the iron-plated monitors, and our whole fire was directed on the eight-gun gunboat.

On the 28th of April, General Majors, with his division, attacked and drove the enemy on the Bayou Rapides road back towards Alexandria, and Major Semmes took McMahon's battery with him to support the movement. Captain McMahon gallantly performed his part, moving his battery to the front and firing on the enemy repeatedly, at 600 and 800 yards, with considerable effect.

From the 2nd to the 8th May inclusive, Captain Mosely, with his battery, reporting to Brigadier-General Steele, was engaged in many affairs with the enemy on Bayou Rapides.

On the 5th and 7th, at Middle Bayou, Graham's and Long's, he was of efficient service in checking advances of the enemy made in great force.

On the 6th and 7th, Captain H. C. West, with his battery, also reported to Brigadier-General Steele.

On the 7th, Mosely's and West's batteries covered the withdrawal of our forces over Gordon's bridge, driving back the enemy, when they pressed on too rapidly, and delivering some rounds of canister.

On the 5th May, Captain Benton, reporting to Brigadier-General Bee, after a night march of twenty-two miles, engaged the advance of the enemy at Polk's plantation, and punished him severely. He held one position with sufficient tenacity to enable him to fire canister upon the advancing enemy.

On the 6th May his battery covered the crossing of the cavalry when driven over Polk's bridge; and Captain Benton reports that he only crossed the bridge in rear of the cavalry. Just before our forces fell back to Leconte, this battery was exposed to a heavy and flank fire of the enemy's much more numerous artillery, and stubbornly sustained the engagement, until both rifle guns were disabled by rapid firing. In

retiring, much coolness was observed in the officers and men in bringing off one of their howitzers, which had become disabled by the breaking of a linchpin, after all support had retired and while the enemy were advancing. The disabling of the rifle section of this battery accounts for its failure to take part in subsequent engagements.

On the 2d May Captain J. A. A. West's battery of horse-artillery, Lieutenant John Yoist commanding, consisting of two ten-pound Parrott's and two twelve-pounder Howitzers, reached the southern bank of Red river, and immediately commenced skirmishing with the enemy's cavalry.

On the 3d May the United States transport, "City Belle," having on board the One Hundred and Twentieth Ohio regiment, came up the river, and was engaged by the battery and sharp-shooters. The third shot from the rifle guns exploded her boilers, and she was run ashore on the opposite side. Lieutenant Yoist, aided by the cavalry and his cannoneers, then ran two pieces by hand to within one hundred yards of her, and she surrendered. The enemy's loss in killed and wounded was severe, and above two hundred prisoners were captured. The battery was then divided, one section being three miles from the other, but both on the river.

At sunrise on the 5th instant, the United States transport "Warner," convoyed by the United States gunboats "Signal" and "Covington," each mounting eight guns, came down from Alexandria and attempted to run past the battery. They succeeded, with considerable loss, in passing the upper section, and with the "Warner" in lead, unexpectedly encountered the lower section, commanded by Lieutenant Lyne, and so rapid was his fire that in fifteen minutes the "Warner" surrendered. The gunboats retired before the effective fire of these two guns and sought to shelter their sixteen guns behind a bend of the river, above Lieutenant Lyne's position, where his guns could not reach them. When the transport and two gunboats succeeded in passing Lieutenant Yoist above, this gallant officer, unwilling to give up the chase, and animated by the most gallant impulse, limbered up and continued the pursuit as rapidly as possible. He reached a point near where the gunboats, sheltered by the high river banks, were shelling Lieutenant Lyne. Lieutenant Yoist, not hesitating for a moment, unlimbered his pieces and ran them by hand out on the open bank, in 350 yards of the gunboats, and first directed his fire upon the "Covington." Here occurred one of the most marvelous incidents of this extraordinary campaign. These two gunboats, attacked above and below by the four light field pieces of this battery, fled first from one and then from the

other, now seeking to escape below, and now above. The sharpshooters, under Colonel Baylor, joined in the perilous hunt, where the unprotected breasts of our men over-matched the heavy artillery and iron-clad bulwarks of the gunboats. At last the boiler of the 'Covington' was exploded by shot from the battery, and she was fired and abandoned by the crew, and soon after blew up. Lieutenant Yoist then moved his rifled guns over the levee right upon the gunboat "Signal," when she, with her officers and crew, surrendered. Soon after this another gunboat from below, attracted by the heavy firing, came up, was opened on by the ten-pounder Parrott guns, and driven back; apparently ashamed of this retreat, after a little while she returned, and in attempting to pass, received two shots through her hull from Lieutenant Lyne's section, and then precipitately abandoned the fight.

We saved the armament of the gunboat "Signal," consisting of eight guns, and when the river falls will be able to secure the eight guns of the "Covington."

Lieutenant Yoist, commanding this battery, reports that he at all times received effective, willing and gallant support from Colonel Baylor and his brigade. I cannot speak too highly of the courage and efficiency manifested by this brigade and Cornay's battery. It has conclusively established the fact that our field batteries, when well served and supported, can close the navigation of Red river against anything but the heaviest iron-plated gunboats of the enemy. In fact this was the case, for, intimidated by the disaster which overtook these gunboats, Admiral Porter for fifteen days abandoned the navigation of Red river, and only undertook to raise the blockade with the aid of their entire army and iron-clad fleet combined.

On the 12th inst., Major Squires placed Winchester's (formerly Faries) four rifled pieces, near Mme. Davids on Red river. Shortly after reaching there, an iron-plated gunboat of the first class, and a tin-clad passed up. It being contrary to my orders for the field batteries to engage gunboats of the first-named class, they were permitted to pass. Shortly afterwards the tin-clad, a little in advance of the iron-clad, came back. Captain Winchester ran his pieces out in an open field and opened on her with the greatest rapidity, firing with effect twenty-four rounds. She immediately backed up behind a point of the river bank, and the iron-clad being nearly at the point our guns were promptly and skilfully withdrawn. On the 15th inst., these guns were employed in heavy skirmishing near Marksville and Mansura.

On the 16th inst., Major-General Wharton determined to make a

temporary stand and force the enemy to display his force. At the request of Major-General Wharton, I made a reconnoissance of the country near Mansura and recommended to him, as suitable for the employment of artillery, the beautiful position at Mansura. He then ordered all the artillery to be put in position, and the following dispositions were made: Major Semmes, Chief of Artillery of Wharton's corps, having command on our right, placed in position H. C. West's and Winchester's batteries, of Squires's battalion, Major Squires commanding; McMahon, Mosely's and J. A. A. West's of his, Lennies battalion of horse artillery; and Major Faries, Chief of Artillery of Polignac's division, commanding on the left, was ordered to place in position Cornay's and Barnes's light batteries, and Lieutenant Bennett, with his two thirty-pound Parrotts'. Lieutenant Tarleton was in command of Cornay's battery.

On the 16th, before sunrise, the engagement commenced, and soon swelled into the proportions of the most considerable artillery combat ever witnessed west of the Mississippi. Eighty pieces of artillery were engaged. The fire of our artillery was precise and effective, and whenever the dense masses of the enemy's infantry, which could be clearly discovered in the broad prairie, approached in range, it was immediately broken and driven back. The fire of the enemy was accurate but not effective, owing to the use of spherical case, at long range and defective shells.

As the enemy discovered the strength of our position, he began to manoeuvre to turn it on our exposed left, concentrating on Barnes's and Cornay's batteries a very heavy fire, which was received with coolness and courage; and General Wharton, satisfied with the results that he had obtained, determined to withdraw, which was done without the least confusion. Major Semmes with great deliberation withdrew his batteries en echelon from our right; and on the left, Lieutenant Bennett with his heavy Parrotts, was first withdrawn, followed by Barnes, who had exhausted all his long range ammunition; Lieutenant Tarleton, commanding Cornay's battery, was the last to retire, and from his Napoleon section poured a heavy fire into the enemy at 300 yards range. Notwithstanding the heavy fire of artillery and infantry playing on it, this superb and veteran battery limbered to the rear, with the precision and coolness of parade and moved off at a walk, and only retired more rapidly in obedience to a positive order to that effect. The cavalry and infantry supports of the artillery in this engagement exhibited a solidity and steadiness indicative of admirable courage and resolution.

On the 17th instant, McMahon's battery, the rifle section of Winches-

ter's, commanded by Lieutenant Gaudet, and a six-pounder gun of H. C. West's battery, commanded by Lieutenant DuMay, opened with great effect on the flank of the enemy near Moreauville.

On the 18th instant, at Norwood, the artillery again became engaged under the immediate command of Major Semmes. Squires's battalion, consisting of Winchester's and H. C. West's batteries, Mosely's, McMahon's, J. A. A. West's, Val. Verde, and Faries's batteries under him, consisting of Barnes's and Cornay's were all brought into that stubborn and sanguinary action. Their conduct on this, as on many other occasions, was satisfactory, and General Wharton reports that their aid prevented him from suffering a disaster.

In this long and eventful campaign, requiring on the part of the artillery officers the various and unusual qualities necessary for engaging gunboats, of fighting in masses and separately, of preceding an advance and covering a retreat, it is peculiarly gratifying to me to have nothing to express but commendation and praise.

While I cannot undertake to enumerate the names of all the officers commanding batteries, I feel it a duty and a pleasure to specially mention the valuable services rendered to the army by Major O. J. Semmes, chief of artillery of cavalry corps. Whenever it has been possible for him, he has been present in the various engagements in which his batteries have taken part, and his skill and cheerful courage have always imparted additional vigor to our fire.

Major Squires reported to me for duty while we were at McNutt's Hill, and was assigned to the command of the reserve battalion of the army, and exhibited in the subsequent operations at Marksville, Mansura, and the bloody combat at Norwood, the high soldierly qualities to be expected from one who had served with such distinction in the army of Northern Virginia.

Major Faries, Chief of Artillery of Polignac's division, only took command in the latter days of the campaign, and at Mansura and Norwood displayed the same energy and courage that characterized him as a Captain.

I herewith transmit the reports of Major Semmes and Major Faries, of Major Squires, Captains Mosely, McMahon, Benton, Nettles, J. A. A. West, Lieutenant Yoist, Barnes, Lieutenant Berwick, Captains H. C. West and Winchester.

I have the honor to be, Major,

Yours respectfully,

(Signed,)

JOSEPH L. BRENT,

Colonel and Chief of Artillery, &c.

An Incident of Fort Sumter.

By Major JOHN A. HAMILTON.

I think it was in the month of February, 1861, that a company (the Moultrie Guard) of the first regiment of rifles, was sent to garrison Fort Johnson, or rather to occupy the summer houses of James' Island, fronting on Charleston harbor. A small earthwork held by a detachment of the German artillery stood near the wharf, and a mortar battery on the beach opposite Sumter at the time was being put in readiness for the fight. The defiant attitude of the Federal Government had rendered it necessary to have little communication with Major Anderson's garrison. To this end an order had been issued, permitting a boat from Sumter to come in a direct line to the wharf at Fort Johnson, take on such supplies of vegetables, fresh meats and mail, which arrived daily by steamer from Charleston, (and which considerate clemency kept the enemy in health and comfortable condition, pending the last unsuccessful negotiations for a peaceful settlement) the boat then to return in a direct course to the fort. This system of daily trips to and from the wharf was made by a crew of four, under an officer whose rank was not defined, wearing as he did always an undress suit. A member (still living) of the Moultrie Guard, had studied the position, and that night suggested the following to two of his mess: "To-morrow I'll have the supplies for Sumter put at the off-side of the wharf. You," addressing the writer, "stand in view of the boat and give a signal if the officer gets to be restless; you," to the other, "sit at the head of the landing and chat with the officer; I will be by the pile of staves, and sound the man who is to lug them to the boat, and see if we can't get up a wholesale desertion of the fort by the garrison." It was thought best to confer first with the commander of the State troops (now dead.) The feasibility of the scheme secured his consent, and the originator of it returned in time to put it in effect. On the next day the supplies from the steamer were placed on the opposite side of the wharf from where the boat landed. One of the militia trio sat at the head of the steps at the landing place, another stood ready to give a signal if the officer became suspicious, and the third was near the pile of supplies. The boat came, and the bow rower was sent up to get the meat, &c. A conversation was begun, and the bait took. Several thousands of dollars were offered by the militiaman to each deserter who reported to him, and the soldier from Sumter was pledged to report on the next trip. "We don't care to fight, and will leave if we can; but," he

added, 'we are so closely watched.'" "Hurry up with that stuff on the wharf." The soldier gathered an armful and returned to the boat, obedient to the officer's order. On the next trip, the soldier who had been baited to desert, occupied the stroke seat, another man was in the bow. The officer had suspected something. For a moment he gave his eye to the militiaman, and nodded with a finger laid on his lips. But the slip, "there's many o' them." It rained hard the next day, and the fort boat was hauled under the wharf out of the rain while waiting for the steamer. The officer (now dead) in command of Fort Johnson was on the wharf, and seeing the dripping crew incautiously asked the Federal officer to go to his quarters out of the rain. Of course he accepted. They passed the battery in charge of the artillery squad; a lot of shell and a few mortars lay in their way, all of which the Federal noted, and while it rained, the courteous but thoughtless Confederate and his guest chatted at head-quarters (and of the houses on the beach). Finally the rain held up, and the Federal departed, loaded up his boat and left for Sumpter. What induced the commander at Fort Johnson to move quarters that very afternoon, is easily guessed; we, the non-commissioned mess aspiring to transport our beds and truck in the very house the Captain had vacated so soon as he left. Instead of a pile of official papers which dignified the table in the middle of the floor during the morning, and which caught the Federal's eye before he left, we left a score of "old sogers" and a pile of pipe ashes, and went to bed. One of our mess had a cold and could not sleep well; about midnight he called out, "Who is there?" then followed the jar of a door forced open, a quick dash of a man through the two rooms next to the one we occupied, a clatter of feet down the steps, followed by the discharge of the sentry's gun at head-quarters next door. We sprang up, took our weapons and followed after. The sentinel reported a man having come out of our house, and running by passed on to the beach. We followed, found the track of a peculiar boot, well run down on the left heel. We followed it step by step until we reached the creek that divided us from Morris island. There the boot-print was lost in the water. While waiting, speculating and grumbling generally, the flashes and reports from Morris island pickets were heard. The guard were firing at a boat heading for Sumter. We returned and found that the back door of our house, which had been fastened inside by a combination lock, was forced open by the inserting of a bayonet, the triangular mark being plainly visible. This was the noise our messmate heard. Before the nocturnal visitor could reach the room he had been discovered and fled. He would have

found only the "old sogers;" the red taped bundles had gone next door. On the day following we were called on by a "big Injun" from Charleston; our commander was interviewed, and we were relieved, to learn elsewhere how to do garrison duty. So ended an abortive attempt by an abolitionist militiaman to capture Fort Sumter by bribery. The night visit of the Yankee was to learn when and how Sumter was to be attacked, or the incidentals thereto.

Expedition to Hardy and Hampshire.**REPORT OF GENERAL EARLY.**

NEW MARKET, February 6th, 1864.

General,—On the 28th January leaving Imboden's and Walker's brigades near Mount Jackson, to guard the Valley, I moved from this place with Rosser's brigade, Thomas's brigade, all the effective men of Gilmer's and McNeill's Partizan Rangers, and four pieces of McLanahan's battery towards Moorefield, in Hardy. I arrived at Moorefield with Rosser's brigade and the artillery on the 29th, and early next morning (the 30th) Rosser was sent to intercept a train on its way from New Creek to Petersburg, and get between the garrison at the latter place and the railroad. After cutting through a heavy blockade on the mountain between the South Branch and Patterson's Creek, which was defended by a regiment, Rosser succeeded in reaching and capturing the train after a short fight with its guard, which consisted of over eight hundred infantry and a small body of cavalry, all under Colonel Snyder. The guard for the train broke and ran to the mountains, and only a few prisoners were captured. Rosser's loss, in killed and wounded, was about twenty-five, and the enemy's much heavier. Ninety-three loaded wagons were captured, but the teams from forty-two of them were run off by the drivers during the fight, and being considerably smashed their wagons were burnt. Fifty wagons with their teams were brought off, one having been overturned in the night and broken to pieces, so as to be useless. The wagons were loaded with commissary stores and forage; but as the wagons crossed the mountains from Patterson Creek to Moorefield in the night, a great deal of the loading was thrown out by the drivers, and much of it was plundered before steps could be taken to rescue it. After the trains were captured, Rosser moved towards Petersburg, and got possession of the

roads from Petersburg down Patterson's Creek and through Greenland Gap, and the same evening Thomas's brigade arrived at Moorefield, and was crossed over the South Branch to within ten miles of Petersburg. Early next morning both forces moved upon Petersburg, but on arriving there it was found that the enemy had evacuated during the night, taking a mountain road to the head of New Creek, through a pass where it was impracticable to follow him, especially as there was a dense fog, rendering it difficult to discern objects at a short distance. The works at Petersburg were found to be very strong, with a ditch around them, and very strong abattis. There were large bomb-proof shelters, and appearances indicated that a good deal of work had been done lately. The works were destroyed as far as practicable, and some commissary stores and forage, and about thirteen thousand cartridges were secured. Thomas's brigade was then marched back to Moorefield, and Rosser was sent down Patterson's Creek to collect cattle and cut the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. He reached the road on the 2nd at the mouth of Patterson's Creek, and destroyed the bridge over the north branch of the Potomac. He also destroyed another bridge over the canal, and a lock of the canal itself. In the meantime a considerable cavalry force had made its appearance at Romney, and Rosser returned to Moorefield, which place he reached on the 3rd, with a number of cattle and sheep. McNeil crossed over to the eastern ridge of the Alleghany, and brought off over three hundred cattle.

After Rosser's return, I gave orders for the troops, trains, &c., to start back early next morning, as we had accomplished all we then could, and accordingly every thing but the cavalry was in motion very soon; and after Thomas's brigade had gone about four miles from Moorefield, a considerable force of the enemy's cavalry, with some artillery, made its appearance below Moorefield, on the road from Romney. I ordered Thomas's brigade to be brought back towards Moorefield, and Rosser to retire through Moorefield, and taking a position on the south fork of the North Branch, I awaited the approach of the enemy until after 12 o'clock, when he showing no disposition to attack, but contenting himself with manœuvring very cautiously, and Rosser's cavalry being too much reduced in numbers to attack the enemy's cavalry, which was in view and largely exceeded his own in numbers, I resumed my march back without molestation from the enemy, crossing over to Lost river that night and the next day (the 5th) to this valley. A large portion of the cavalry force which appeared at Moorefield went from Martinsburg and Charlestown, a brigade under Colonel Fish having lately been sent to the lower valley.

I have been informed that a force of infantry was following the cavalry, but I am not certain of this. I did not think it prudent to leave the trains and cattle to the risk of capture, while I was being amused by cavalry at Moorefield, and I therefore moved back according to my original purpose. We brought off 50 captured wagons with their teams, 1,200 cattle, 500 sheep, 78 prisoners (1 major, 3 captains and 74 enlisted men), and some commissary stores. We got all the cattle we could. Many persons ran off their cattle to Maryland, and a number of those brought off will not answer for beef at present. We could have got as many sheep as we wanted, but they could not be driven. We found the people of Moorefield and the adjoining valley very true to our cause and exceedingly kind and hospitable to our men. I think the enemy will hardly occupy Petersburg again, and if he does not, as soon as things get quiet, some more cattle can be gotten.

Very respectfully,

J. A. EARLY, *Major-General.*

General R. E. Lee.

REPORT OF GENERAL ROSSER.

HEAD-QUARTERS ROSSER'S BRIGADE, February 9th, 1864.

Major.—On the morning of the 28th ult., in obedience to an order from General J. A. Early, I moved my brigade and a battery of four pieces of General Imboden's in direction of Moorefield, Hardy county, where I arrived early on the evening of the 30th. The infantry having failed to get up, I spent the remainder of the day in constructing bridges across the south and north forks of the South Branch, and early on the morning of the 31st moved my command across the mountain in direction of Patterson's creek, upon which, I had been informed by reliable scouts, was a large supply train encamped, destined for Petersburg.

In crossing the mountain I encountered, when in about two miles of the creek, a regiment of infantry blockading the road by felling trees across it, and by digging it away when constructed upon the side of a hill, &c. By dismounting a few men I soon dislodged them, and drove them entirely through the gap.

The obstructions were soon removed by the pioneers of the brigade, and the road reconstructed where it had been dug away. The brigade then fairly through, I pressed vigorously upon the enemy, who was then retiring in direction of Williamsport to meet the train which was then

moving up. Upon my approach his wagons were parked and all disposition made to meet my attack. The enemy's force (I have since learned numbered 1,100 men), I saw at a glance was much larger than my own. I dismounted three or four hundred men, and with the remainder in the saddle, I charged him front, flank and rear. The first onset was repulsed, but one piece of my artillery coming up (the enemy having none), my troops were much elated by this seeming advantage, and I charged him again, which was very successful, driving him into the mountains, and giving me possession of the entire train of ninety-five wagons and teams, excepting a few of the latter, that were cut away during the fight and run off, and the regiment I sent to occupy the road in rear of the train, failing to get up in time. These mules and a few ambulances were allowed to escape. The conduct of my men on this occasion, entitles them to their country's gratitude; indeed I believe it is the first instance during this war where cavalry attacked successfully a superior force of infantry. I lost in the action twenty-four men killed and wounded. The enemy's acknowledged loss, in killed and wounded, was eighty. I captured forty prisoners, two Captains and one Major. The train, which was heavily loaded with commissary stores, bacon, rice, coffee, sugar, &c., was turned over to General Early. Many of the wagons, however, had to be destroyed in consequence of the want of mules to bring them off—a number having been killed in the action and others ridden off by the fleeing enemy. On the morning of the 1st, I moved into Petersburg, the enemy having escaped upon one of the back roads, which it was impossible for me to guard with my small force.

The enemy in evacuating this place left almost all his baggage and a large supply of provisions, which fell into the hands of my men. From this place I proceeded, in obedience to instructions from General Early, down Patterson's creek, with the view of driving out the cattle, and for this purpose I sent Major Gilmer's and Captain McNeil's commands, under the command of the latter, into the Alleghany mountains, and placed one regiment in Mechanicsville Gap to prevent "Averill," whom I expected from Martinsburg, from getting between me and General Early. I then pressed down the creek to its mouth, at which place there was a guard of one company, which I captured, and I destroyed here the railroad bridges across Patterson's creek, the Potomac and canal. I also destroyed one engine, all the property belonging to the road, the bridge for the pike across the canal, and one canal lock.

Learning that the enemy was in Romney in considerable force, and

that he was struggling for the gap at which my regiment was posted, I abandoned the idea of going to Cumberland, and turned back in direction of Mooresfield, evading the enemy, who had forced the gap and got in my rear, and brought out safely all my prisoners and cattle. Upon the expedition I captured twelve or thirteen hundred head of cattle, five or six hundred sheep, ninety-five wagons and eighty prisoners. Only fifty of the wagons were saved and brought to the valley. Everything else is now safe in the valley.

I am, Major, most respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

THOS. L. ROSSER,

Brigadier-General.

Major H. B. McClellan,

A. A. General Stuart's Cavalry Corps.

ENDORSEMENTS.

HEAD-QUARTERS CAVALRY CORPS A. N. V.,

April 7th, 1864.

Respectfully forwarded. The bold and successful enterprise herein reported furnishes additional proofs of General Rosser's merit as a commander, and adds fresh laurels to that veteran brigade, so signalized for valor already.

J. E. B. STUART, *Major-General.*

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VA.,

19th April, 1864.

Respectfully forwarded for the information of the War Department. General Rosser acquitted himself with great credit in this expedition.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

Respectfully submitted to the Secretary of War, by order,

SAM'L W. MELTON, *Major & A. A. G.*

A. & I. G. O., 30th April, '64.

A. G.—Noted General Rosser exhibited both judgment and valor, and accomplished valuable results in this expedition.

J. A. S., *Sec'y.*

4th May, 1864.

Opinion of a United States Officer of the Depopulation of Atlanta.

BY COLONEL J. H. KEATLEY.

[In view of recent utterances by General Sherman, the following from advance sheets of a history of the war, will be read with interest.]

The capture of Atlanta was regarded by the people of the North as ranking in importance with the conquest of Vicksburg, and Sherman's success hailed with extreme manifestations of joy. The city was a valuable railroad center of the South, and the seat of some of its most important and necessary manufactures, and its fall was a heavy and discouraging blow to the Confederacy. Sherman decided to give rest to his army, and therefore, instead of pressing his advantage in the field with twice the force that Hood could bring to resist him, he recalled his troops on the 5th, and assigned the occupancy of Atlanta to General Thomas, East Point to Howard, and Decatur to Schofield. He also took steps to depopulate the city, so as to avoid the necessity of feeding the inhabitants, of keeping it in strong garrison, and of burdening the railroad with supplies for the sustenance of an unfriendly population when he should again resume field operations. He therefore "peremptorily required that all the citizens and families resident in Atlanta should go away, giving to each the option to go South or North, as their interests or feelings dictated." General Hood opened a correspondence with him, seeking to avert the order, but it terminated in a fruitless discussion, and the mandate was rigidly enforced, and as the great bulk of the people were in sympathy with the Confederacy, they selected a Southern exile from their homes. The investment had lasted forty-six days, with all the terrors and anxieties of such surroundings. The railroads supplying them with food had been taxed to their utmost, after repeated Federal raids crippling their capacity to furnish Hood's army of less than forty-five thousand men, and privation and suffering were the consequence, but this heaviest of all the calamities of civil war, burst like a thunder cloud upon the heads of old men, women and children, who had the misfortune to have cherished homes and interests in the captured city. General Sherman notified General Halleck at Washington, on the 4th, of his intention to remove the inhabitants, and concluded his letter with the "blood and iron" statement: "If the people raise a howl against my barbarity and cruelty, I will answer that war is war, and not popularity-seeking. If they want peace, they and their relatives must stop the war." Fancy Sitting Bull, on the eve of General Custer's fatal

campaign, saying to General Sherman as Commander of the United States Army, "If you want peace, you must teach your white neighbors to deal justly with us." If war simply means killing, and is nothing more than to do the greatest and speediest harm to the enemy, then its modern methods are indefensible, and the giving and taking of quarter a false refinement. Claverhouse taught the maxim that "war is war," and invested the story of Glencoe with a tragic interest and at which history will never cease to blush. The order to depopulate Atlanta was obeyed amid agonies and sorrows indescribable, and the city, but for the presence of the soldiers who had captured it, was as desolate as the ruins of Nineveh.

Reminiscences of the Army of Northern Virginia.

By J. WILLIAM JONES.

PAPER No. 5.

HOW FREMONT AND SHIELDS "CAUGHT" STONEWALL JACKSON.

The day after the capture of Winchester we spent in resting on the green sward and reveling in the stores which we had captured from General Banks, and the large number of sutlers who had brought to Winchester supplies of every description. It was very amusing to see the relish with which our boys would discard beef and "hardtack" and feast on potted meats, pickled oysters, lobsters, genuine coffee, bakers' bread, ham, canned fruits, oranges, figs, all kinds of confectionery, and various other luxuries to which, even at that date, the Confederacy was a stranger. Clothing of every pattern was abundant, and was eagerly seized on by the "ragged rebels" until their regulation gray was fast disappearing and blue uniforms becoming the prevailing fashion. "Old Jack" soon put a stop to this transformation, however, by issuing an order to his provost guard to arrest all men in blue uniform and treat them as prisoners of war until they gave satisfactory proof that they were Confederates.

General Jackson himself was so completely exhausted that so soon as he ceased his pursuit of the enemy he rode into Winchester, secured quarters at a hotel, refused all offers of food, threw himself across a bed with his clothes, boots, and even spurs on, and was soon fast asleep.

The next day was observed, as was Jackson's custom, as a day of rest and thanksgiving for victory, and there was read to us a ringing general order which recounted the marches and victories of the past

four weeks, congratulated the troops on their patient endurance and splendid courage, and concluded as follows:

"The explanation of the severe exertions to which the commanding general called the army, which were endured by them with such cheerful confidence in him, is now given in the victory of yesterday. He receives this proof of their confidence in the past with pride and gratitude, and asks only a similar confidence in the future.

"But his chief duty to-day and that of the army is to recognize devoutly the hand of a protecting Providence in the brilliant successes of the last three days (which have given us the results of a great victory without great losses); and to make the oblation of our thanks to God for his mercies to us and our country, in heartfelt acts of religious worship. For this purpose the troops will remain in camp to-day, suspending as far as practicable all military exercises, and the chaplains of regiments will hold divine services in their several charges at 4 o'clock P. M."

It was an impressive scene as we gathered in large congregations at that thanksgiving service, and among the most devout of the worshippers in the service held at the Thirty-third Virginia regiment was the iron chief who had led us to the great victory gained. On Wednesday morning, May 28th, we were in motion for the Potomac, and having driven the enemy back from Charlestown to Harper's Ferry, were proceeding to invest this position, when the situation suddenly changed into one which would have unnerved a less determined commander, and have demoralized troops of less implicit confidence in their chief.

McClellan had been gradually closing in on Richmond, and was only waiting for McDowell's column to swoop down from Fredericksburg in order to make his grand assault. But the movements of Jackson and the rout of Banks so alarmed the authorities at Washington that the following dispatch changed the whole situation:

WASHINGTON, May 20, 1862.

General Fremont has been ordered by telegraph to move from Franklin on Harrisonburg to relieve General Banks, and capture or destroy Jackson's and Ewell's force. You are instructed, laying aside for the present the movement on Richmond, to put twenty thousand men in motion at once for the Shenandoah, moving on the line or in advance of the line of the Manassas Gap railroad. Your object will be the capture of the forces of Jackson and Ewell, either in co-operation with General Fremont, or in case want of supplies or of transportation interferes with his movement, it is believed the force with which

you move will be sufficient to accomplish the object alone. The information thus far received here makes it probable that if the enemy operates actively against General Banks, you will not be able to count on much assistance from him, but may even have to release him. Reports received this moment are that Banks is fighting with Ewell eight miles from Winchester.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Major-General McDowell.

General McDowell at once proceeded, though with a heavy heart as his dispatches show, to execute this order. Fremont put his column in motion, and while we were lingering in the lower valley two armies were closing in on our rear, while a third was concentrating to push us on our retreat.

Jackson had left at Front Royal to guard the stores and prisoners there, the gallant Twelfth Georgia Regiment, which, if rightly handled, could have held the gaps in the mountains for some time against greatly superior forces, but somehow the affair was badly managed, and the advance of Shield's dashed into the village in right gallant style, and re-captured the prisoners, the stores having been burned by an enterprising quarter-master.

The news reached Jackson just as he had posted the Second Virginia Regiment on Loudon Heights, and was preparing to attack the enemy. How he received these unpleasant tidings is best told by one of his staff (Colonel A. R. Boteler). As Jackson, on information of Shield's advance, was returning on a special train to Winchester, the following scene occurred: "At one of the wayside stations a courier was seen galloping down from Winchester, and Jackson clutched at the dispatch which he brought. 'What news?' he asked briefly.

"'Colonel Conner is cut off and captured at Front Royal, General.'

"'Good!' was the quiet reply. 'What more?'

"'Shields is there with four thousand men.'

"'Good—very good!'

And after spending some time in deep abstraction, and then slowly reading and tearing to pieces the dispatch (a common habit with him), he leaned forward on his hands and immediately went to sleep. Not long afterward he roused himself and said to Colonel Boteler: "I am going to send you to Richmond for reinforcements. Banks has halted at Williamsport and is being reinforced from Pennsylvania, Dix, you see, is in my front and is being reinforced by the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. I have a dispatch informing me of the advance of the enemy upon Front Royal, which is captured, and Fremont is now

advancing toward Wardensville. Thus, you see, I am nearly surrounded by a very large force."

"What is your own, General?"

"I will tell you, but you must not repeat what I say, except at Richmond. To meet this force I have only 15,000 effective men."

"What will you do if they cut you off, General?"

After a moment's hesitation Jackson coolly replied:

"I will fall back on Maryland for reinforcements."

He evidently meant what he said, and it is a matter of curious speculation as to what would have been the result of such a movement. Whether "My Maryland" would have "come" at that time—what impetus would have been given to the panic which induced the Secretary of War to telegraph the Governor of Massachusetts to "send all of the troops you can forward immediately. Banks completely routed. Intelligence from various quarters leaves no doubt that the enemy in great force are advancing on Washington." Whether Jackson would have captured Washington or have been captured himself all of these questions must be left to conjecture, for Jackson did not allow himself to be cut off, and his "foot cavalry" proved fully equal to the emergency.

On the afternoon of the 30th of May we "entered the lists for a race" to Strausburg. I can never forget that march. "Press forward," was the constant order, and when the troops were well nigh exhausted, word was passed down the column: "General Jackson desires the command to push forward much further to-night in order to accomplish a very important object," and every man bent his energies to meet the requirement of our loved chieftain, while the muddy, weary road was enlivened by jest and song and cheers. The whole of the Stonewall brigade marched that day thirty-five miles, while the Second Virginia regiment accomplished a march of more than forty miles without rations, and fairly won the sobriquet of "foot cavalry."

Meantime the main army had hurried on to Strausburg, upon which point Fremont was rapidly advancing, while Shields was waiting to join him from Front Royal. The head of Ewell's column filed to the right at Strausburg, and was soon engaged in a sharp skirmish with Fremont's advance, to whom we offered the gage of battle, until the Stonewall brigade and the Second Virginia regiment could come up. The object of the halt having been thus accomplished, Jackson leisurely moved up the Valley with his prisoners and his immense wagon trains, loaded with captured stores of every description.

The incidents of this retreat were stirring. Shields moved up the

Luray Valley with the evident purpose of crossing the Massanutton by New Market Gap, and thus striking Jackson in flank if not in rear; but this purpose was defeated by our watchful chief, who sent parties to burn the White House bridge over the Shenandoah on the road to New Market, and the Columbia, some miles higher up the river. General Fremont pressed our rear with energy and gallantry, and some of the exploits of his cavalry displayed a heroism which elicited the highest admiration of our men, although stern old "Stonewall" did say to Colonel Patton, who expressed to him a regret that three gallant fellows who charged alone through his regiment were killed: "Shoot them, Colonel, I don't want them to be so brave."

A number of gallant charges were made on our rear guard, and temporary advantages were gained, but Turner Ashby (who had recently won his wreath and stars, and was the idol of our whole army,) brought up our rear, and met these gallant dashes with a cool courage, which soon restored order, and usually inflicted more loss than we received.

I recall many scenes of those marches as the "foot cavalry ran from three armies" (for General Banks was now pressing on too), but I may not linger to describe them in detail. One picture may serve for the whole. Starting at "early dawn," we would tramp all day along the weary pike, the monotony of the march only varied by the ringing of carbines, the sharp reports of the horse-artillery, or the shouts of charging squadrons, as Ashby received the attack of the enemy, or in turn assumed the offensive; and as the shades of evening gathered on the mountain tops, even the best men would fall out of ranks and declare that they could go no further. But presently the word is passed back, "the head of the column is going into camp." Immediately the weary grow fresh again, the laggard hastens forward, and there on some green sward, upon the banks of the beautiful Shenandoah (though we had but the hard ground for our couch, rocks for our pillows, and the blue canopy of heaven for our covering), we lay us down to a rest—O! so sweet, after the hard day's march. But before the bivouac is silent for the night, a little company gathers at some convenient spot, hard by, and strikes up some old familiar hymn, which serves as a prayer-call, well understood. From all parts of the camp men gather around this group, until a large congregation has assembled, the song grows louder and clearer, and often as the passage of God's word is read, and a few simple comments made before joining in prayer—

"Something on the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stain of powder."

I can vividly recall, even now, after the lapse of years, not a few beaming faces who united in those evening services who were soon summoned to strike golden harps and join in the song of the celestial choir. But the weary march is soon to end, and "the foot cavalry," are to be at last "caught" by their eager pursuers. Yet ere this occurred the whole army, and indeed the whole Confederacy, was to be thrown into the deepest grief at the tragic fall of Ashby.

Sir Percy Wyndham, an Englishman, who had served as a Captain in the Austrian army, and as Colonel under Garibaldi, and had been given a commission as Colonel in the Federal army, led Fremont's advance on the morning of the 6th of June, when we marched from Harrisonburg across towards Port Republic, and confidently expressed his belief that his long-coveted opportunity of "bagging Ashby" had arrived.

The result was, that by a very simple strategy, Ashby completely turned the tables on his Lordship, and "bagged" him, together with sixty-three of his gallant troopers. But we had scarcely time to enjoy the account of this brilliant little affair, when on the same afternoon we had from the rear the sad report, "Ashby has fallen." Hurrying to ascertain the truth of the rumor (for he was a near relative of mine), I learned the sad details from General Ewell and others who were present. The enemy having pressed forward more vigorously than usual (doubtless with a view of retarding our column until Shields, who had continued to press up the Luray Valley, could reach Port Republic), Ashby had called for infantry supports, and the Fifty-eighth Virginia and first Maryland regiments had been sent to him. With these he was executing a movement on the famous "Pennsylvania Bucktails" (which proved eminently successful after his fall), when, seeing that the enemy had the advantage of position, he called on the Fifty-eighth Virginia to charge, and had just uttered his crisp order, "Virginians, charge," when his horse was shot under him. He had extricated himself from the dying animal, and was shouting the order, "Men, cease firing! Charge! for God's sake, charge!" when the fatal bullet stopped the brilliant career of this splendid soldier.

A native of Fauquier county, and a gentleman of high descent and stainless character, Turner Ashby had entered the service at the first sound of the bugle, and when asked at Harper's Ferry "What flag are you going to fight under, the Palmetto, or what?" he produced a Virginia flag and said "Here is the flag I intend to fight under." He had followed that flag with all of the devotion of knighthood, he had displayed upon numberless occasions a cool courage or heroic daring

which made him the pride of the army, and the special idol of the Valley of Virginia, and he fell with a reputation scarcely equalled by any of our cavaliers. His splendid white horse, his raven locks, his chivalric bearing, his tender sympathies, stainless character, and heroic deeds will live in the songs and traditions of that region as long as those blue mountains shall sentinel the scenes of his exploits, or the beautiful Shenandoah flows along its emerald bed.

His most fitting eulogy, however, was the following brief tribute in General Jackson's report: "An official report is not an appropriate place for more than a passing notice of the distinguished dead, but the close relation which General Ashby bore to my command for most of the previous twelve months will justify me in saying that as a partisan officer I never knew his superior. His daring was proverbial, his powers of endurance almost incredible, his tone of character heroic, and his sagacity almost intuitive in divining the purposes and movements of the enemy."

The gallant Marylanders, under Colonel B. T. Johnson, aided by the Fifty-eighth Virginia, had a bloody revenge on the "Bucktails" and drove them from the field, capturing their Colonel (Kane) and inflicting heavy loss. Yet, as this was not Jackson's chosen field of battle, he continued his retreat to "Cross Keys," where Ewell was ordered to check Fremont, while with the rest of his force Jackson advanced to pay his respects to General Shields, who was hurrying up on the east side of the river, having been prevented from crossing over at any point below by the burning of the bridges and the swollen condition of the river. On the morning of the 8th of June Jackson had his headquarters in the little village of Port Republic (located in the forks of the Shenandoah) while most of his command were on the west side of the river. He had a strong cavalry picket down the river to watch Shields, but the Federal advance made a gallant dash on these which drove them back in great confusion, and followed them so closely as to get possession of the bridge and place a piece of artillery in position to sweep it. Jackson then found himself suddenly in the critical situation of being cut off from his army, with Shields holding the bridge by which, in case of disaster, they should retreat. He did not hesitate to adopt the boldest course. Riding up to the officer in charge of the piece of artillery, he sternly called out, "Who ordered you to post that gun there, sir? Bring it over here!" The officer mistook him for a Federal general and was preparing to obey the order when Jackson galloped across the bridge and was soon leading in person one of his

regiments, which charged through the bridge, drove off the enemy and saved the army from the threatened disaster.

At this same hour in the early morning of June 8th, Fremont advanced on Ewell at Cross Keys. I remember that Rev. Dr. Geo. B. Taylor (now missionary at Rome, Italy), the efficient chaplain of the Twenty-fifth Virginia Regiment, was preaching to our brigade at that early hour—that he was interrupted at “thirdly” by the advance of the enemy—and that the noise of battle soon succeeded the voice of the minister of the “Gospel of peace.”

Fremont's attack was not as vigorous as was expected, was easily repulsed, and in the afternoon Ewell assumed the offensive and drove the enemy back some distance.

But I have already exceeded my limits and must reserve for my next sketch a brief statement of how Shields “caught” Jackson the next day at Port Republic, of how Fremont and Shields both concluded that they had “caught a Tartar,” and of how (after resting for a season) the “foot cavalry” suddenly appeared on the Chickahominy, and assisted in McClellan's famous “change of base.”

An Incident of the Deer Creek Expedition of 1863.

By Captain W. L. RITTER.

BALTIMORE, MD., July 6th, 1881.

REV. J. WM. JONES, D. D.,

Secretary Southern Historical Society, Richmond, Va.:

DEAR SIR—With the hope that some one will write a full account of the Deer Creek Expedition of 1863, I mention one incident which is certainly worthy of record.

In January, 1863, Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel W. Ferguson was ordered to proceed to the sunflower country, above Vicksburg, Miss., with a small force, consisting of a six-gun battery and a company of cavalry. The battery was composed as follows: two guns from Captain Bledsoe's Missouri artillery, commanded by Lieutenant Anderson; two guns from a Louisiana battery, commanded by Lieutenant Cottonham; one gun from the Third battery of Maryland artillery, commanded by Sergeant Daniel Toomey; one gun from Captian Corput's Georgia battery, commanded by Sergeant Mitchell Johnston, which two latter pieces were commanded by Lieutenant T. J. Bates, of Waddell's Alabama artillery. These six pieces were commanded by Lieutenant

R. L. Wood, of Bledsoe's Missouri artillery. The company of cavalry belonged to Mississippi.

This small force was returning from Bolivar on the Mississippi river, where Colonel Ferguson had been operating against several transports, and after passing Greenville, Miss., the enemy, under the command of Brigadier-General Burbridge, with several regiments of infantry, a battalion of cavalry and a battery of artillery, landed at that point and made an attack on Colonel Ferguson's small force.

The enemy's infantry moved by the way of Fish Lake bridge and the cavalry and artillery by the Black Bayou bridge, both of which had been burned; but the cavalry made a dash at Shelby's bridge, guarded by about twenty pickets, whom they dispersed, and quickly repairing the bridge, crossed and gave chase to our pickets. Colonel Ferguson had received notice of their movements and had sent two pieces of artillery to Fish Lake bridge to check the infantry, while his wagons and artillery escaped. Having driven the infantry back, he withdrew his two pieces of artillery by way of the Deer Creek road, and commenced his retreat. The enemy's cavalry pressed on, and while the artillery was passing around the bend of the creek at Buckner's plantation, they crossed through the field and got in advance of our artillery, capturing our caissons and baggage wagons, which had been sent ahead. Our cavalry stampeded on the approach of the enemy, and with the exception of eight or ten, were seen no more that day. Our artillery thus surrounded, with cavalry in front and infantry and artillery in the rear, had either to surrender or cut its way through. After a few moments' consultation the latter was decided upon, and the order forward, trot, march, was given, and with the true Confederate yell from officers, drivers and cannoneers, the column went thundering down the road, and recaptured the caissons and baggage wagons. The enemy's cavalry took refuge in negro quarters near by, but by means of our pieces they were soon dislodged and driven into the cane brake.

By night the artillery had reached Bogue Faliah, three miles below Colonel Falls's plantation. Colonel Ferguson worked all night, and by the next day at noon had put all the artillery and wagons on flat boats and started down the Bogue, thus escaping capture. During the charge Colonel Ferguson had a personal encounter with several of the enemy's cavalry, one of whom he killed, and wounded two. Two of the cannoneers were severely wounded.

Raid of Captain Wm. Miles Hazzard on St. Simon's Island.

Among the many bold and successful raids within the enemy's lines, perhaps none surpassed, in cool courage and successful results, that made by Captain William Miles Hazzard, upon the island of Saint Simons, Georgia, which was occupied as an important depot for Federal troops and supplies. He not only entered their lines, but burned the wharf and large storehouses at the south end of the island, but although his retreat was cut off by the capture of his boats, he took those of the enemy and thus effected his escape to the mainland.

Possibly, to vent their spite for the injury inflicted, the United States troops subsequently destroyed the parish church and the tombstones which marked the graves of his family. This act so incensed Captain Hazzard, that by the light of a torch, upon one of the broken slabs, he wrote the following letter and boldly entering the camp of the Federal commander, General Montgomery, he placed it at the door of his tent upon a stick planted in the ground.

The poet, Paul H. Hayne, hearing of these courageous acts, ascertained the facts of the affair and wrote the following beautiful ode in commemoration thereof.

Captain Hazzard is descended from a military family, the first of whom, William Hazzard, was a colonel in the British army. His son, Major William Whig Hazzard, was in the Continental army, and wounded at the seizure of Savannah; while his own father was a Colonel in the United States army of the date of General Scott, with whom he served.

A. R. CHISHOLM.

ST. S. CHURCH YARD, St. Simon's Island, Georgia.

Commandant Federal Forces at South End:

SIR—I have more than once been informed through your deserted allies, that the graves of our family and friends had been desecrated by your forces after the unsuccessful attempt to capture me some months ago. This rumor I could not believe, as the custom, even of the savage, has been to respect the home of the dead. But the sight I now behold convinces me of the truth of the report. I shuddered to think of the practice of bushwhacking, shooting sentinels on post, &c., which has always been discountenanced by my commander (General Beauregard), and my chief has spared many of your men. But let me tell you, sir, that beside these graves, I swear by heaven to avenge their desecration. If it is honorable for you to disturb the dead, I shall consider it an honor, and will make it my ambition, to disturb your living. I shall

fancy, sir, the voice of the departed ones from their desecrated homes, exclaiming that such a nation may truly say to Corruption, thou art my father; to Dishonor, thou art my mother; Vandalism, thou art my ambition.

W. MILES HAZZARD.

ODE BY PAUL HAYNE.

I.

The night and its stillness were 'round him,
And the spell of solitude bound him
With a feeling of awe, as his footsteps drew nigh
The spot where the bones of his forefathers lie,
On the island whose tropical wildwood
Had rung to the laugh of his childhood;
And he paused with a sigh where the low branches fall
From the oak, and the willow o'ershadowing the wall
Of the church-yard, that sleeps pale and hoary
'Neath the moonlighted tremulous glory!

II.

He stood in the stillness, full-hearted!
For a dream of the loved and departed
Sunk deep in his soul, to the fountain of tears,
And the memories were stirred that had slumbered with years,
And while touched by these reveries tender,
He passed from the shade to the splendor,
And beheld with a start the grey tombs of his sires
All blackened with insults, and blasted with fires,
By the human hyena who lashes
His rage o'er a dead freeman's ashes!

III.

There are passions too stern for full token!
There are vows far too deep to be broken!
And such was the storm of the passion, which now
Whirled up from the scout's boiling breast to his brow,
Overwhelming all gentler emotion
As calm streams are 'whelmed in the ocean;
And such was the oath, which thrilled hot on his tongue,
From the spirit this dastardly outrage had wrung,
While the last voice of mercy that wooed him
Fled fast from the wrath that subdued him!—

IV.

"By these monuments, wasted and lowly,
By the thought of my dead, the most holy,
By the strength of my arm, by the ire in my soul,
I vow wheresoever the red battle-waves roll,

And their standards of infamous omen
 Shall flaunt o'er the heads of our foemen,
 For each wreck and foul stain which their fury hath left
 On the graves of my ancestors, ravaged and cleft,
 That the corpse of *some* craven marauder
 Shall gorge the wild birds of our border!"

V.

He spoke! and his eyes that were bright'ning
 With the glare of his heart's lurid lightning,
 Flashed fierce as he strode 'round the fragments of tombs
 Thro' the quick-shifting gleams and the desolate glooms,
 To the worn temple porch, where in silence
 He wrote his swift words of defiance,
 And affixed them thereon, with the letters of flame
 Shining clear o'er the sign of his terrible name,
 That the ruffianly ghouls who peruse them
 May know what dark vengeance pursues them!

VI.

As he turned him to go thro' the wildwood,
 That echoed the sports of his childhood,
 It seemed to the scout that dread voices of yore
 Were blent with the night winds that moaned by the shore,—
 That the heroes of Eld hovered o'er him,—
 And *this* the stern message they bore him:
 "No rest to thine arm, brain or valor be given,
 Till the hordes of the outlaw and alien are driven
 By the keen sword of ruin and slaughter,
 To their ships on the gore-crimsoned water."

Notes and Queries.

Where is General Nathaniel Green of Revolutionary Fame Buried?

Our attention has been recently called to the fact that the grave of this distinguished General and noble patriot is now unknown. His remains were originally deposited in the vault of Major Pendleton, of Savannah, but they were afterwards removed, and the patriot-soldier now rests, so far as we are able to learn, in an *unknown* grave. If we have been misinformed, or if any one can give details concerning this interesting question, we should be glad to hear from him.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

THE DELAY IN ISSUING THIS NUMBER has been caused by the absence of the Secretary, and other causes over which we have had no control, and we are sure that our friends will excuse us.

THE FREQUENT ABSENCE OF THE SECRETARY from our office, in the discharge of important duties in the interests of the Society, must excuse delays in answering letters, &c. We assure our friends that we are doing our best to serve them, and are quite confident that they will exercise towards us the same kind forbearance in the future which they have shown in the past.

We are vigorously prosecuting the work of *permanent endowment*, and the realization of our hopes in this respect will enable us to employ such clerical help as is absolutely necessary to a proper conduct of the affairs of the Society. Meantime, our friends will bear with us, and impatient correspondents who want us to answer by return mail questions in which *we* have no earthly interest, and the answer to which would require *hours of unrequited labor*, must simply wait our convenience as best they can.

LITERARY NOTICE.

RISE AND FALL OF THE CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT, BY JEFFERSON DAVIS.
New York: D. Appleton & Co.

We have received from W. W. Hayne, of Baltimore, general agent for Virginia and Maryland, a copy of this superb book of two volumes of over 700 pages each, which is gotten up in the highest style of this famous publishing house.

The nineteen engravings (two portraits of Mr. Davis, and good likenesses of members of his Cabinet, leading generals, &c.) and eighteen maps of battle-fields are all admirably executed, and add to the interest and value of the book. But the contents of the book itself would have been welcomed even if coming in rough garb. As a story of a great revolution, told by its leading actor, it would command attention. When this actor is a man of great ability, of unspotted character; a high-toned Christian gentleman; as true a patriot as ever drew sword in freedom's cause, and the master of a terse, classic English which has long been the admiration of scholars and the delight of those who have heard him or read his State papers, it were superfluous to add that we *expected* a book of rare power and deep interest, and that we have not been disappointed. We have

read it with thrilling interest, and shall place it on a convenient shelf where it will be at hand for ready reference, and where our children and children's children may read this noble and triumphant defence of the Confederate cause—this admirable story of the heroic deeds of our Confederate people.

We have neither time nor space now for any elaborate review of the work. We propose in future to give a series of papers on its several parts, with liberal extracts from its pages. We can only give now some idea of its scope and the value of its contents.

Part I is a very able sketch of the origin of slavery in this country and the process by which our friends at the North, who were mainly instrumental in establishing it, discovered that it was "the sum of all villainies" *after* they had sold their slaves and pocketed the money, and begun that sectional agitation which culminated in the election of a sectional President and the secession of the Southern States. He ably shows that slavery was not the cause, but an incident of the separation, and that for the secession movement the North, and not the South, was responsible.

Part II is a forcible, clear and unanswerable constitutional argument for the Sovereignty of the States, and the Right of Secession.

Part III gives a deeply interesting narrative of "Secession and Confederation," showing the steps by which the Southern States seceded, the formation of the Confederacy, the provisions of the Confederate Constitution, &c. He clearly sets forth that the Confederates were for peace, not war—that they exhausted every means of pacification, while their commissioners at Washington awaited the pleasure of the Federal Government, and were amused by the perfidious assurances of Seward that Sumter would be evacuated at the very time when the Government was fitting out an expedition to reinforce it—and that the cry against the South for "firing the first gun" is as senseless and false as to charge a man with being the aggressor who disarms the assassin advancing on him with drawn weapon instead of waiting for him to strike.

Part IV embraces the history of the war and of the civil administration during the four years of the great struggle for constitutional freedom. He shows the difficulties with which the South had to contend, brings out clearly the fact that from the first we fought against overwhelming numbers and resources, shows the ability of our generals, the heroism of our soldiers, the patriotism of our people, and the devotion of our noble women; and writes a story of which we may well be proud, and which we may, without a blush, hand down to generations yet unborn.

He does not go into full details of battles, but gives rather general outlines and results; but on all of our great campaigns he sheds light, which his position enabled him to give, and adds interesting personal anecdotes and incidents to our previous stock of information, which makes us regret that he did not make another volume, and treat this part of his narrative more fully.

He brings out very clearly that in the general "conduct of the war," so far as observing the "humanities" of modern civilization, the Confederacy has a far better record than the Federal Government, and that (despite of widely circulated

glanders to the contrary) in the matter of the exchange and treatment of prisoners, conduct of our troops in the enemy's country, &c., our record is one which might well elicit the tribute of the English poet:

"No nation rose so pure and fair
Or fell so free of crime."

The impression made by the book on intelligent and fair-minded men on the other side may be gathered from the following extract from a review in the *New York Sun*:

"Mr. Davis frankly and emphatically acknowledges the Union of these States to be indissoluble. He admits that secession has been demonstrated once for all to be impracticable. For good or for evil, the lot of the South is inextricably coupled with that of the North; and whatever perils shall hereafter menace the people of the whole country in their political and civil liberties, will be those engendered not of disintegration but of consolidation. For these very reasons many generous and upright men of all parties will concur with Mr. Davis in thinking the time has come to weigh dispassionately the character of the motives and the soundness of the arguments which led the Southern States to form an independent federation. If it be true that the Union is henceforth indestructible, it has clearly become our paramount duty to see to it that the common flag is what it once was, a symbol of sympathy and fraternity, and not the detested emblem of compulsory aggregation. We must no longer permit ourselves to think or speak of the late Confederates as "rebels," for the term begs the whole question, hinging on the purport of the Constitution, and is really inapplicable to men who simply held and applied a conception of that instrument, which was not even disputed for many years after the formation of the Union, and to which Northern advocates of secession had recourse long before the project of separation was mooted at the South. We must not forget that even after the Gulf States had seceded and formed a new Confederacy, so careful a student of American constitutional history as Horace Greeley acknowledged that the right of peaceful withdrawal seemed to lie by implication at the root of the powers and guarantees reserved to the individual Commonwealths, and that he could discern no power in the Federal Government to coerce a State. We must bear these things in mind; we must forego ugly epithets, which only serve to breed bad blood and befog the intellect; we must admit freely that, from their point of view, the Southern States had as much right to resist the attempt to force men back into the Union as the majority of the Northern people had to exercise coercion. Each party, in a word, was equally "loyal" to that theory of the Constitution which was dominant in its locality. Without a general recognition of this truth, it is impossible for the two sections to understand and appreciate each other's motives and actions, and such an understanding is indispensable to the reestablishment of mutual confidence, esteem and amity. We do not envy the man who can dispose of all the equities involved in a constitutional problem with a jeer or a taunt, who has no comment but *væ victis* for the devotion of a brave people to the principle of State Rights, and who still in his heart surveys the South as a conquered country. Such a man's notion of the Union is

indeed a sordid and hateful thing; it has nothing in common with the benignant conception of concord and fraternity, which the fathers sought to embody in the American Constitution, and which it is the duty and the hope of patriots to restore.

"The impression has been current at the North that the secession of the Gulf States was not the outcome of a popular movement, but the result of a so-called conspiracy, in which many of the Southern Senators and Congressmen took part, and in which Mr. Davis himself was a chief promoter. This view can scarcely be sustained hereafter in the face of the overwhelming evidence brought forward in these volumes. As regards the part taken by himself, Mr. Davis proves, by the written testimony of eye-witnesses, that he was one of the last men among those prominent in Mississippi politics to approve the secession of his State, and that from the first he never shared the prevailing opinion that a withdrawal from the Union could be peacefully accomplished. Not, of course, that he doubted the abstract right of secession, but he long questioned the expediency of its exercise. It seems to us, also, that Mr. Davis successfully refutes the assumption that the South was the aggressor in the conflict which ensued. It is hard to see how Mr. Seward can be freed from the charge of flagrant bad faith in his dealings with the Confederate Commissioners sent to Washington for the purpose of negotiating an amicable transfer of the forts and other Federal property in the seceding States. Nor will reasonable men deny, now that nothing is to be gained by quibbling, that the first overt act of hostility was not the attack on Fort Sumter by General Beauregard, but the attempt to reinforce that post made in violation of the pledges repeatedly given by Mr. Seward to the Commissioners. We think no candid person can fail to be convinced by the simple documentary testimony brought forward by Mr. Davis that the seceding States were sincerely anxious to live on terms of peace and amity with those who adhered to the old Union, and that with very few exceptions, among which Mr. Davis must be counted, the leading men of the Confederacy believed up to April, 1861, that the formation of an independent government at the South would encounter no resistance. They were unquestionably misled by the specific tone of the Northern press, and especially by the attitude of the *New York Tribune*. It will be remembered that this journal, which had contributed so largely to the election of Lincoln, had declared after the election of its candidate: "Whenever a considerable section of our Union shall deliberately resolve to go out we shall resist all coercive measures designed to keep her in. We hope never to live in a republic whereof one section is pinned to the residue by bayonets."

But our space will not allow us to say more at present than to urge our people generally to buy and read for themselves a book which should be in every library.

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